

MULLIGAN'S

Brave Defense of the City of Lexington, Mo., in September, 1861.

The Glorious Performance of the Irish Brigade of Chicago, Ill.

Capt. Gleason and the Brilliant and Reckless Charge of His Men.

SURGEON AND CHAPLAIN RECOVERED

The brave defense of Lexington, Mo., by Col. James Mulligan and the Irish Brigade of Illinois, is one of the most glorious performances of the whole civil war. The best account of this deed was in a speech delivered by Col. Mulligan at a public reception given to the brave Irish-American General by the citizens of Detroit, Mich., November 29, 1861, a short time after his release from a Southern prison.

Let me briefly relate, said the brave General, the circumstances of a little affair that happened to us in Missouri. Just outside the limits of Jefferson City, overlooking the broad Missouri, were encamped two regiments, over which floated twin banners—the stars of America and the harp of Ireland. Under these twin banners lay as happy a regiment as was ever collected together. It was the Irish Brigade of Chicago. At the hour of midnight it received an order to march to the relief of Col. Marshall's cavalry, then threatened by the enemy, and with them to cut their way through to Lexington and hold it at all hazards. The next morning saw the Irish Brigade with its face set toward Lexington. We started with forty rounds of ammunition and three days' rations, and advanced for nine days.

Thus we went on until at length we arrived within two miles of Lexington. The brigade pitched its camp and preparations were made for advancing into the city. We went in with our solitary six-pounder. The men had traveled nine days by forced marches, yet they never looked better. On arriving at Lexington we found Col. Marshall's cavalry and a few home guards.

On September 10 a letter arrived from Col. Peabody, saying that he was retreating from Warrensburg, twenty-five miles distant, and that he was being pursued with 10,000 men. A few hours afterward Col. Peabody, with the Thirtieth Missouri, entered Lexington. We then had 2,780 men in garrison and forty rounds of cartridges. At noon on the 11th we commenced throwing up our first intrenchments. In six hours afterward the enemy opened their fire. Col. Peabody was ordered out to meet them. Two six-pounders were planted to oppose the enemy and placed in charge of Capt. Daniel Quirk, who remained at his post till daybreak. It was a night of fearful anxiety. None knew at what moment the enemy would be upon the little band, and the hours passed in silence and anxious waiting.

So it continued until morning, when the chaplain rushed into headquarters, saying that the enemy were pushing forward. They were met by Company K, of the Irish Brigade, under Capt. Quirk, who held them in check until Capt. Dillon's company, of the Thirtieth Missouri, drove them back and burned the bridge. That closed our work before breakfast. Immediately after six companies of the Thirtieth Missouri and two companies of Illinois cavalry were dispatched in search of the retreating enemy.

They engaged them in a cornfield, fought with them gallantly, and harassed them to such an extent as to delay their progress in order to give time for constructing intrenchments around the camp on College Hill. This had the desired effect, and we succeeded in throwing up earthworks three or four feet in height. This consumed the night and was continued during the next day, the outposts still opposing the enemy and keeping them back as far as possible. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th the engagement opened with artillery. The guns within the intrenchments immediately replied with vigor.

Within an hour a shot from one of our guns dismounted their largest piece, a twelve-pounder, and exploded a powder caisson. This achievement was received with shouts of exultation by the beleaguered garrison. The enemy retired a distance of three miles. At 7 o'clock the engagement had ceased and Lexington was ours again. Next morning Gen. Parsons, with 10,000 men at his back, sent in a flag of truce to a little garrison of 2,700, asking permission to enter the town and bury his dead.

The request was willingly granted, and we cheerfully assisted in burying the fallen foe. On Friday the work of throwing up intrenchments went on. It rained all day, and the men stood knee deep in the mud building them. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday we foraged seven days' provisions for two thousand seven hundred men. A quantity of powder was obtained, and then large cisterns were filled with water. The men made cartridges in the cellar of the college building, and cast one hundred and fifty rounds of shot for the guns at the foundries at Lexington. During the little respite the evening gave us we cast our shot, made our cartridges and stole our own provisions.

All this time our pickets were constantly engaged with the enemy, and we were well aware that 10,000 men were threatening us, and knew that the struggle was to be a desperate one. Earthworks had been reared breast high, including an area of fifteen to eighteen acres and sur-

rounded by a ditch. Outside of this was a circle of twenty-five mines and still further down were pits.

During the night of the 17th we were getting ready for the defense and heard the sounds of preparation in the camp of the enemy for the attack on the morning. Father Butler went around among the men and blessed them, and they reverently uncovered their heads and received his benediction. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the drums beat to arms, and the terrible struggle commenced.

The enemy's force had been increased to 28,000 men and thirteen pieces of artillery. They planted two batteries in front, one on the left, one on the right and one in the rear, and opened with a terrible fire, which was answered with the utmost bravery. Our spies had informed us that the rebels had intended to make one grand rout and bury us in the trenches of Lexington.

The batteries opened at 9 o'clock, and for three days they never ceased to pour deadly shot upon us. About noon the hospital was taken. It was situated on the left, outside of the intrenchments. They besieged the hospital, took it, and from the balcony and roof their sharpshooters poured a deadly fire within our intrenchments.

It contained our chaplain and surgeon and 120 wounded men. It could not be allowed to remain in possession of the enemy. A company of the Thirtieth Missouri was ordered forward to take the hospital. They started on their errand, but stopped at the breastworks. A company of the Fourteenth Missouri was sent forward, but it also shrank from the task. The Montgomery Guard, Capt. Gleason, of the Irish Brigade, were then brought out. The commander admonished them that the others had failed, and with a brief exhortation to uphold the name they bore, gave the word to "charge." The distance was 800 yards. They started out from the intrenchments, first quick, then double quick, then on a run, then faster. The enemy poured a deadly shower of bullets upon them, but on they went—a wild line of steel, and what is better than steel, human will. They stormed up the slope to the hospital door and with irresistible bravery drove the enemy before them and hurled them far down the hill beyond.

At the head of those brave fellows, pale as marble, but not pale from fear, stood the gallant officer, Capt. Gleason. He said, "Come on, my brave boys," and in they rushed. But when their brave Captain returned it was with a shot through the cheek and another through the arm, and with but fifty of the eighty he had led forth. The hospital was in their possession. This charge was one of the most brilliant and reckless in all history, and to Capt. Gleason belongs the glory.

After this charge the fire of the enemy lagged. We were in a terrible situation. Toward night the fire increased, and in the evening word came from the rebels that if the garrison did not surrender before the next day they would hoist the black flag at their cannon and give us no quarter. Work was sent back that "When we asked for quarter it would be time to settle that." It was a terrible thing to see those brave fellows mangled, and with no skilled hands to bind their gaping wounds. The surgeon was held with the enemy.

Capt. Moriarty went into the hospital, and, with nothing but a razor, acted the part of a surgeon. We could not be without a chaplain or a surgeon any longer. There was in our ranks a Lieut. Hickey, who was dispatched from the hospital with orders to procure the surgeon and chaplain at all hazards. Forty minutes later and the brave Lieutenant was borne back severely wounded.

On the morning of the 19th the firing was resumed and continued all day. We recovered our surgeon and chaplain. The day was signalized by a fierce bayonet charge upon the enemy, which served to show them that our men were not yet completely worried out. Through that day our little garrison stood with straining eyes watching to see if some friendly flag was bearing aid to them.

But no re-enforcements appeared, and with the energy of despair, they determined to do their duty at all hazards. The 19th was a terrible day. Our water cisterns had been drained, and we dared not leave the crown of the hill and make our intrenchment on the bank of the river, for the enemy could have planted their cannon on the hill and buried us.

The day was burning hot and the men bit their cartridges; their lips were parched and blistered. But not a word of murmuring. The night of the 19th two wells were ordered to be dug. We took a ravine and expected to reach water in about thirty hours.

The morning of the 20th broke, but no re-enforcements appeared, and still the men fought on. The rebels had constructed movable breastworks of hemp bales, rolled them up the hill and advanced their batteries in a manner to command the fortification. Heated shot were fired at them, but they had taken the precaution to soak the bales in the Missouri. The attack was urged with renewed vigor, and during the afternoon the outer breastworks were taken by a charge of the rebels in force. The whole line was broken and the enemy rushed in upon us.

Capt. Fitzgerald was then ordered to oppose his company to the assaults. As I gave the order the gallant Fitzgerald, at the head of Company I, with a yell rushed in upon the enemy. The commander sent for a company on which he could rely; the firing suddenly ceased, and when the smoke rose from the field I observed the Michigan company, under their gallant young commander, Capt. Patrick McDermott, charging the enemy and driving them back. Many of our good fellows were lying dead, our cartridges had failed, and it was evident that the fight would soon cease.

with the following reply, written on the back: "General—I hardly know, unless you have surrendered."

He took pains to assure me, however, that such was not the case. I learned soon after that the Home Guard had hoisted the white flag. The Lieutenant who had thus hoisted the flag was threatened with instant death unless he pulled it down. The men all said, "We have no cartridges and a vast horde of the enemy is about us." They were told to go to the line and stand there and use the charge at the muzzle of their guns or perish there. They grasped their weapons the fiercer, turned calmly about and stood firmly at their posts. And there they stood without a murmur, waiting for the rebel horde to show themselves at the earthworks.

A council of war was held, and when finally the white flag was raised Adj. Cosgrove, of your city, shed bitter tears. The place was given up. The enemy came pouring in. We were placed in file, and a figure on horseback, looking much like "death on the pale horse," led us through the streets of Lexington. We were then taken to a hotel with no rations. After we had boarded there for some time we started with Gen. Price, on the morning of the 30th, for the land of Dixie. The column of our escort was fifteen miles long. Of our imprisonment there I will say nothing. We all feel every man of us, that we have been fighting for a great cause, that we were not spared from Lexington to sit idly in our homes while our country is in danger. We all feel that that republic which was cemented by the blood of our fathers is to be again baptised and made stronger with our blood.

MENLO PARK.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

100,000 deficit once confronted the partners. They speedily reduced it to \$8,000,000.

It should be stated in this connection that Jennie Flood had been well provided for by her father, he having given her a fortune of millions in her own right and name, and invested in United States 4 per cent. bonds, at the time when the Bonanza mines were pouring out their greatest treasure.

From her earliest childhood until her father's death the girl was near to his heart—always at his side, an angel to him in misfortune or prosperity, nursing him from city to city tenderly, lovingly caring for him when he was in Europe fighting for life with the aid of renowned physicians.

Like all heiresses, Miss Flood was often reported engaged, often about to be married—first to some dear acquaintance of her youth, then to some titled gentleman. In 1889 the report was denied that she was engaged to marry J. F. Laubach.

Soon after Gen. Grant returned from his tour around the world Miss Flood's engagement to U. S. Grant, Jr., was gossiped. In clubs and social circles in San Francisco it was declared that their marriage was soon to take place. They were seen together almost daily, took drives and visited theaters and attended social functions.

Seemingly they were the most loving of companions. Suddenly the engagement was broken, but the cause was never referred to nor debated, and so the affair ended. Almost immediately the Floods sailed for Europe. On their return Miss Jennie entered upon a quiet life, broken only by occasional trips abroad. For years she has almost shunned society. By nature she is essentially a home woman—a loyal, devoted, helpful daughter. Her greatest and noblest deeds, known to not more than half a dozen friends, will never reach the world's publicity.

Much of her time is spent in San Francisco, in the Flood palace on Knob Hill, where she devotes herself to literature and art; also to a great, yet almost unknown extent, to charitable work, in which she finds her only true enjoyment.

Mrs. Flood was almost constantly with her daughter and was her companion and friend in the highest sense of the term. Both preferred the country life of their Menlo Park place, and there, free from social restraints and responsibilities, they passed their time in profitable seclusion.

After Mr. Flood's death, in 1889, various conjectures appeared from time to time as to the value of his estate. When the property was divided, two or three years later, it was appraised at \$4,120,000. But it was generally declared by experts to be worth twice that sum. One-half of the estate was bequeathed to the widow, the remainder equally divided between Cora Jane (Jennie) and her brother, James L. Flood. The entire estate is now valued at anywhere from ten to fifteen millions.

PETER FINNEGAN.

Irish-Americans will read with pleasure the announcement that Mr. Peter Finnegan, formerly of Chicago, has located permanently in this city. He was for years with the Nelson, Morris & Co. Packing Company, of the former city, a concern employing over 6,000 men. Mr. Finnegan comes here to take charge of the lard refinery of the Louisville Packing Company. With his late employers he made an almost national reputation as an expert in this branch of the packing business, and the fact that the Louisville company is procuring the services of the most experienced and capable men throughout the country indicates the quality of the output of this mammoth concern.

Mr. Finnegan was deservedly popular with the many employees of his department, and no doubt will prove more so in his new field of labor, and expects that the product of the department under his control will be in greater demand than that of any other house in the United States.

In Chicago he took an active part in all movements for the betterment of the condition of the Irish-American people, and as he is favorably impressed with Louisville he will make his presence felt here. Mr. Finnegan's family will remove to this city in the very near future.

ARMAGH.

Monster Demonstration Commemorative of Ireland's Heroes.

Resolutions Adopted Advocating Adherence to Principles of Wolfe Tone.

Deeds of Valor of Three Centuries Ago Recalled by Mr. John Dillon.

THE BATTLE OF THE YELLOW FORD

Recently a magnificent '98 demonstration was held at Bagenall's Bridge, County Armagh, the scene of the famous battle fought 300 years ago between Hugh O'Neill and Queen Elizabeth's troops, in which the latter were defeated and routed with considerable loss. The historic bridge marks the spot where the English General, Sir Henry Bagenall, was shot, and a large bush stands over the place where it is called Bagenall is buried. This bush is stated the "Great Man's Thorn." At an early hour large contingents commenced to pour in from Monaghan, Clones, Belfast, Tyrone and several of the surrounding towns, each accompanied by band and banners, and it is computed that fully 15,000 persons were present. The procession was formed at the head of Irish street, Armagh, and marched down the city in perfect order, the whole presenting a most impressive spectacle. The Boy's Brigade was 100 strong, and each had his pike over his shoulder. The route from the city to the meeting place was literally blocked with vehicles and the utmost enthusiasm characterized the whole proceedings. The only member of Parliament present was John Dillon, M. P., but letters of apology for non-attendance were received from quite a large number.

The following resolutions were proposed by John McGlone, Lurgavallen, and seconded by James Donnelly, Armagh, and passed:

"That we desire on this spot to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of the Yellow Ford and to place on record our appreciation of the Irishmen who 300 years ago, under the command of the gallant Irish chief Hugh O'Neill, overthrew the flower of England's army."

"That we, the men of Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone and Antrim, in public meeting assembled on the famous battlefield of the Yellow Ford, do hereby testify our adherence to the principles and objects for which Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen so heroically and devotedly sacrificed their lives, and we hereby pledge ourselves to cherish and honor their memory."

"That we pledge ourselves to support the grand project of erecting a monument in Dublin to Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen."

Mr. John Dillon, who was received with great cheering, said that it was a privilege and pleasure to take part in the meeting, to stand before that vast assembly of the descendants of those who on the bloody day of the Yellow Ford saw the invader and the red banner of England go down before the Irish forces. In spite of three centuries of persecution they stood there today triumphant. In spite of all the provocations they had suffered the Irish race was, year by year and generation by generation, beating back the enemies of Ireland and even in the year in which they lived another great step had been taken toward restoring to the descendants of the old race that power which God meant them to have in the land of their fathers. They were there to declare that they would never take their hand from the plow until that task had been accomplished, until the last remnant of the hated ascendancy had been obliterated from Ireland, and until the men of Ireland were recognized as the sole masters of that ancient land. Referring to the battle of the Yellow Ford, he said it was probably the only time in the history of their country when the forces of England and Ireland met on fairly even terms, when Bagenall at the head of 5,000 men, the flower of Elizabeth's army, left Armagh for the purpose of exterminating the Irish race in that country, and he ventured to say never in the history of war was there a grander sight of fighting men than the Irish clansmen when 2,500 of Elizabeth's soldiers left their dead bodies on the field. They were now standing on ground which would inspire them to future efforts for the cause of freedom. The freedom of Ireland in the past had always been lost, not because the Irish people were not able for the fight, but because of divisions and dissensions among the Irish people themselves, and it had ever been so in the history of Ireland. Again and again when the cup of liberty and freedom was at their lips it had been dashed aside by the dissensions of Irishmen. Let them now resolve to bind together as did the men of 1808, and turn their faces resolutely towards their foes, and let them expend their energies and enthusiasm in defeating the enemies of Ireland. For his part, as he looked round the country that day he saw signs of encouragement on all sides. The Irish spirit was yet unbroken and unconquered in the land of their fathers. He refused to believe that the nation, after having struggled for centuries, were going to allow their country to be ruled by the stranger.

Mr. W. G. Ryan, of the Central Executive, and several other speakers having addressed the meeting, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

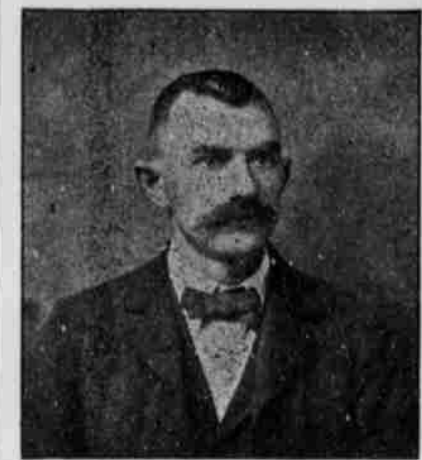
Marriage may not be a failure, but a good many married people are.

CHARLES FEENEY

Elected President of the Board of Councilmen for the Next Year.

Mr. Charles Feeney, Councilman from the Eleventh ward, was elected President of the Board of Councilmen for the ensuing year at the meeting of that body Thursday night, two-thirds of the members voting for him. This action of the board will give great satisfaction, as the new presiding officer is a man of ability and a fine parliamentarian.

Mr. Feeney is at present President of the Leather Workers' Union, and represents that body in the Central Labor



PRESIDENT FEENEY.

Union, and had the indorsement of organized labor for the position. For many years he has been with the Harbison-Gathright Company, and is one of its most respected employees. He is a staunch Democrat and broad and liberal in his views, and as a Councilman he has always voted for the best interests of the city. That his predecessor made a fine record does not detract from the ability of Mr. Feeney, but will only stimulate him to greater efforts for the best interests of the people and the city.

PASSED AWAY.

Death Comes to Capt. Tanksley Monday Morning—His Funeral Largely Attended.

The death of Capt. Joseph Tanksley, whose serious illness had been mentioned in these columns, occurred Monday morning at 2:15 o'clock. When the end came he was surrounded by his friends and a number of members of the fire department, who for the past six weeks had been unceasing in their endeavors to alleviate his sufferings. The funeral took place from the Walnut-street Methodist church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and was very largely attended. During the services the fire bells were tolled, and the flag on the City Hall floated at half mast. Major Ed Hughes and Assistant Chiefs Tyson and Weatherford, accompanied by a large detail of firemen, attended the services and accompanied the remains to their last resting place in Cave Hill cemetery. Messrs. Frank McGrath, Frank Dugan, James O'Neill, Ralu Sherman, Mike Cassin, John Scally, Frank Raggio and Hal Lavelle acted as pallbearers.

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, notably those from the members of the No. 7 Company and the Mose Green Club, which also attended the funeral in a body.

Capt. Tanksley was only twenty-eight years of age, yet he was one of the most popular members of the fire department. He was injured by a collision at Sixth and Chestnut streets while going to a fire last February, and to that unfortunate accident his death is due. He visited Hot Springs in an effort to recover from its effects, but without avail, and upon his return home was compelled to take to his bed, with the result above noted.

Capt. Tanksley was unmarried, but leaves a devoted mother, whose sole support depended upon him. She has been tendered the sympathy of a host of friends, and we are informed that steps will shortly be taken to provide for her in the manner she deserves.

BOONE SQUARE TURNER CLUB
Large Meeting Last Night—Speeches Made by Michael Lawler and Others.

The Boone Square Turner Club held a large and enthusiastic meeting last night at Lawler's Hall, Nineteenth and Duncan streets, and many new members were enrolled.

Mike Lawler delivered a rousing speech in the interest of Hon. Oscar Turner, telling of his many qualifications, and how, at various times, he had assisted workingmen and others who were struggling to get along. He said he appreciated the kind acts of Mr. Turner from the fact that they had been performed at a time when he had no idea of becoming a candidate. Mr. Lawler's remarks were warmly received.

Wallace Renfro also addressed the members of the club.

The club was organized last week, with M. J. Lawler as President, and will hold meetings weekly until the close of the campaign. Its officers say they will have 500 members before the day of election.

STELLA TYNAN DEAD.

Little Miss Stella Tynan, the daughter of James and Rosa Tynan, who for some time past had been visiting friends in Indianapolis, died Tuesday from illness contracted in that city. The remains were brought to this city, and the funeral took place Thursday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Maurice Dooling, Payne street. She was but ten years old, but was very bright, and her death caused great sorrow. She was the niece of Michael Tynan, the well-known Deputy Bailiff of the City Court.

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